## A VISIT TO COUNT TOLSTOI. HIS OPINIONS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

War Is Hidlenions, and Soldiers Should Disohey Orders to Shoot Their Fellow Mea - lid Not Advise Peasants to Revolt— His Writings are Not Understood,

From the Cornhill Magazine. Bofore starting on my journey through fam-ing-stricken Russia I had an interview at Moscow with Count Tolstol and received from that high-souled man some valuable suggestions as to the conduct of my inquiry. It was only fitting that on my return I should seek out the Count, and tell him what I had seen and heard since I parted from him. The Count had left Moscow to resume his work of relief in the province of Riagan, and was Beghitshevka, a village in the district of Denkeffsky, situated at a distance of about sixty versts from the railway. Very opportunely, the day after my arrival at Panek, a young Cossack Sister of Mercy, who was helping Count Tolstol, was good enough to suggest that I should return to Beghitsbacks with her. I was nothing loth to accept this invitation, and we were soon speeding over the ice of the Don toward the Count's headquarters, which we reached after a journey of about three-quarters of an hour. .

I was received by the Countess Maria, the

Count's youngest daughter, who, to my conderable disappointment, told me that her father was not at home. Noticing that the Counters and the other ladies of the house betrayed some excitement on my arrival. I in-



enemies." Thereupon an official of high rank who overheard the conversation said, with a frankness I did not expect to find in one of his class, "I believe that every word Count Tolstoi has written is perfectly true; nevertheless, he has no right to let the common people

After my conversation with the Countess Maria I went for a stroll round the house. The awelling had been the abode of one of Count Toistoi's most intimate friends, the recently deceased M. N. Rayeffsky, the first Russian goatleman to start free tables for the starving peasantry, and the first. I believe, to lose his life through his efforts to relieve the provailing distress. He died, I understand, from a fever eaught while visiting a starving family. His ouse is a large and rambling one-storied structure, with an iron-sheeted roof and a balcony in front, and is pleasantly situated on the mer would probably be considered picturesque. but at the time of my visit it was not very attractive. Internally, the house was in a state of disrepair; externally, a thaw having set in' it was surrounded by water. At the moment of writing, when the roads all over the country are uninviting character. The library of the house was interesting, as it showed that its late occupant had been a man of some culture. Among M. Rayeffsky's books I observed a Yolune of Shakespeare, an old English edi-tion of Virgil of date 1677, "The English Kingdom in Asia," and various works on agriculture and mathematics. Around the walls were hung family portraits.
In the afternoon I had another drive with

the Cossack maiden. She had come from Moscow, but was a typical South Russian, being stoutly built, dark complexioned, rosy checked, sad as brown as a berry. Novertheless, sho was thoroughly at home with the Rinzan peasars. She would have been welcome anywhere, for she was one lump of good nature. Tolstoi she worshipped, and would discuss his ideas for an hour at a time.

The Count did not return at all on the day of my arrival. I discovered, however, that although he personally was absent, he had loft beined him in the person of my young hostess as excellent representative. His daughter was, in fact, a small replica of him. To take with her was to talk by groxy with him. Nor did she merely reflect his ideas; she closely resembled him also in her appearance and disposition. We got on to the subject of music, and she was not long in stating her agreement with the views expressed by her father on that topic in the "Kreutzer Sonata." The tendency of music and singing was, she heid, to promote immorality. The not effect on the mind was an evil one. Operas were not good things. We should be better without them.

I could not but express some dissent. A good song and a finer inport mass as sentenced as good an effect inport me as a sentence of a good book had. What was harrful was not, in my opinion, the use of music, but its abuse. All music was not bad; there was good annicad art. Since, however, the introduction of the opera the true singer had. I admitted aimest ceased to exist for the last two contracts. and as brown as a berry. Nevertheless, sho

fatling to realize what should be their ideal. They were the recipients of homage and flattery from hystorical men and women, but Prom music the subject changed to "recipients over the count himself was talking. Under no circumstances, contended the young Countess, was resistance to evil." Here again it was an if the Count himself was talking. Under no circumstances, contended the young Countess, was resistance to evil justifiable. Here again, too, I expressed dissent, without, however, convicing. Thieves and blackguards, I argued, ought to be punished, if evil, wherever the property of the policy of the country where only to be expected discussed to the property of the policy of the empire was, I contended, only to be expected in a country where oriminals were treated with such laxity as in Russia.

The country where oriminals were treated with such laxity as in Russia. This subject was interpreted in a country where oriminals were treated with such laxity as in Russia. The property of the post. The young Countoss acts as her father's secretary and opens all his letters. In the letters which came that night were drafts to the value of 3,000 roubles (2300), two-thirds of which sum had been again his letters. In the letters which came that night were drafts to the value of 3,000 roubles (2300), two-thirds of which sum had been again his letters. In the letters which came that his proof, I thought, proof, I thought, of the exteem in which the Count is held.

It was not until the following afternoon that the Count made his appearance. The morning I had spent with the young Countoss and the Count was a gial to the proof of the frog table which had been established. The fine of the frog table had it will be forever graven on my mind. "I would rather." I said to myself, "be a lided in a neighboring pomieshik kinddord. Only the high of the busis, how of the fine of the country had nowlessed to see that he looked hale and hearty. As usual he wore agray would no louse and to be controlled to the high of the house, how o

from absolute starvation, from diseases directly caused by insufficient nourishment and an injurious det. Many are subsisting on the day, weed only med mixed with chopped straw, &c., and on weed soup, meion skins, &c.

I explained to the Count that it was quite to be expected that many should die of the effects of hunger when in one province alone there were several hundred thousand individuals who received no assistance whatever from the Zenstvos. And as for the wealth peaked in Leant of the Edward of the County of their animals and consumed their seed corn. When a man eats nothing for months, I continued, save bread, insufficient in quantity and bad in quality, and such injurious articles as clay and febera, and is then carried by typhus or some ofner compinint directly traceable to this diet. I regard his death as being a death from hunger, although the dectors in this country, a parently do not.

The Count flom locar to speak of a article to the Telegraph already alluded to. The Moscow fazette, in putting before the flussian public a false interpretation of the drift of his arguments—in an article which was never intended for the flussian press had, he complained, grossly fluelled him. Nowhere in this arguments—in an article which was never included for the flussian press had, he complained, grossly fluelled him. Nowhere in this arguments—in an article which was heaven for research to revolt. He had recommended the peasants to revolt. He had recommended the peasants to cooperate, with the object of raising themselves m-raily from their present wretched condition; novor once in his teachings had be adversed as the beaution of the article in question better from several discontented scirits congratulating him on his coming round to their which was beaution of the article in question better from several discontented scirits congratulating him on his coming round to their the particle of the article in question better from several discontented scirits congratulating him on his coming to the several provises his

praises, but when Ruskin—whom I believe to be a greater man—talks, they say nothing."
I confessed to the Count that I myself only knew Ruskin as the art critic. At this he seemed much put about. "Then." he replied, "you don't knew anything." I pleaded that a journalist who had to keep pace with the political events of the day had liftle time left for studying philosophy. The Count agreed, but urged me all the same to join the Ruskin Society. "To be a member," he said, "you must wear nothing that has not been made by hand, nor must you live on money which has been gained by usury. You must, in a word, live by your own labor, not on other people's. To many," he added, "these are not bleasant doctrines; few people like to be told that they are living on other people's labor."

Evidently taking a great interest in my spiritual and bodily welfare, the Count next strongly urged me to become a vegetarian, Here I could tall him that when in London I frequently patronized the vegetarian restaurants, and is suggested that if he should ever go to London he should try those places of refreshment.

"Go to London!" he repeated with a sigh.

Irequently patronized the vegetarian restaurants, and I suggested that if he should ever go to bondon he should try those places of refreshment.

"To to London!" he repeated with a sigh. "I shall seen be going to the next werid."

In speaking of Socialism and the English Secialists, the Count spoke much about a Mr. Battersby, the son of an English General, who had heen out to see him, for whom he had conceived a great regard. This gentleman was, he said, a great friend of the workmen, acting during strikes as a kind of mediator between them and their masters. In trades unions he had no confidence. They would, he was afraid, merely substitute in the course of time for the injustice of the minority that of the majority. All quarrels, he contended, ought to be settled on Christian grounds. But, ains! how little of Christianity there was in this ninoteenth century of lies and humburg.

He was no believer in Beliamy's material progress. "What progress is that," he asked, "which shows itself in smoking cirarettes and walking in silk attire? Are people the better off for that, physically, mentally, or spiritually." A great weakness in "Looking Rackward," he thought, was that it falled to show how the changes it foreshadowed were to be brought about. It was as if in the times of the Cassars a certain Bellamy of ancient home had written a book without foresseing such great events as the advent of Christ or the destruction of the empire by the Goths. Nor did he believe that the social revolution could be brought about by force. People must change of their own free will.

Touching on religion, he asked, "Why is it necessary for men to worship together? Cannot they worship alone, in secret? This churchgoing and these ceremonics, they are only forms of religion, not religion itself. Russian pensants will start and show the world a new religion, the religion of non-resistance. They will start and show the world a new religion, the religion of non-resistance. They will start and show the world as new religion. The Christianit

Section with the control of the cont

army for Austrian army) had, he told me, stated that their consciences would not allow them to fill their fellow men at the command of their Government. This circumstance was being keet secret by the authorities.
"War between nations," said the Count, "is ridiculous and illogical."
"What then." I asked, "would you have soldlers do when ordered to kill their broth-

"What, then." I asked, "would you have soldlers do when ordered to kill their brethren?"

"They should refuse to obey," said the Count, who, I may remind my readers, has himself served in the army.

Returning to the subject of war, the Count said: "Several of my friends have been imprisoned for years and others exiled to Siberia for refusing to become soldiers and to slay their fellow men." I replied that I certainly thought that men of talent and energy could be bester employed than lu covering the earth with gore and manufacturing widows and orphans; that their strength should rather be spent in reclaiming their country, from barism, in developing the resources of the country, or in creating beautiful works of art. Only when the soldier was defending the homes and liberties of his fellow-countrymen was he acting nobly. A war of aggression was simply murder on a large scale. It ought to be, and I hoped soon would be, an impossibility with civilized and so-called Christian nations.

In parting from Count Tolstoi, he gave utterance to the following remarkable and said words: "I do not know whether what I am doing is for the best, or whether I ought to tear myself away from this occupation. All I know is that I cannot leave this work. Perhaps it is weakness; perhaps it is my duty which keeps me here. But I cannot give it up, even if I should like to. Like Moses on Mount Horeh, I shall never see the fruit of my labors. I shall never know whether I have been acting for the best or not. My fear is that what I am doing is only a palliative.

Surely, when the historian comes to cover the canvas of the latter half of the nineteenth century, he will find no more pathetic figure for his painting than that of the great genius Tolstoi, batting with all his might and main to bring about the brotherhood of mankind, and yet pursued by doubts as to whether, after all, there is not some better way which he does not see.

BRITISH DIPLOMATISTS.

How They Are Trained and What They Do-A Very Striet Rule. LONDON, June 2 .- For several centuries the Spaniards had the reputation of being the most skilful diplomatists, and after Spain had fallen to be a third-rate power, the French and Austrians in turn claimed the supremacy in this particular branch of statecraft. In our own time the Russians have the credit of excelling all other nations in dealing with for eign affairs. A Russian diplomatist is supposed to be a happy combination of Machia velli and Mephistopheles, before whose will arts mere ordinary astuteness is of no avail The British have never made any pretension to that kind of superiority. They are rather proud of declaring that diplomacy is "a game they do not understand," and the reputation of stupidity which they have everywhere abroad is not displeasing to them. The fact is, in this, as in many other matters, foreign ers are greatly misled by the externals of Engish character. They mistake self-control for dulness and blunt honesty for simplicity; and they do not realize the tenacity of purpose that is ingrained in the polished, easy-going open-hearted, free-living, but eminently respeciable noblemen and gentlemen who repre-

sent the Queen abroad.

Looking at the results of all the diplomacy for hundreds of years back, no one can say bors. They always got the lion's share of the benefits of every treaty; and very often when they seem to have been outwitted by some brilliant stroke of foreign diplomacy they have, in reality, gained an overwhelming advantage which was not foreseen. Their sup-

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from liver complaint, Ayer's Sarsaparilla saved my life. The best physicians being unable to help me, and having tried other medicines without benefit, I at last took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was cured."-Mary Schubert, Kansas City, Kans.

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gentleman representing the Queen a comfortably independent position. The salary of a second Secretary of Legation is \$3,000 a year, and in the grades above that it goes from \$4,000 to \$25,000. All the Ambassadors have \$25,000 a year, a fine house, servants, and an allowance for furniture. When Lord Dufferin was moved from Rome to Paris the other day he received \$15,000 for expenses. There was some discussion when the vote came before Parliament, but the Government defended it strongly and it passed. The British public like the country to be handsomely represented, and there are no more popular class of officials than the Ambassadors.

There are some instances where the pay and allowances of a British Ambassador, liberal as they are, do not nearly meet the claims on his purse, if he is one who interprets his duty in a spirit of magnificence. Some years ago Lord Augustus Loftus, a noted diplomatist, sought the protection of the Bankruntey Court. It came out that he had ruined himself when Ambassador at St. Petersburg by the splendor of his hosyitality, and, though the Government to assist him had made him Governor of New South Wales, where he got \$50,000 a year for six years, he had been unable to pullup arrears. It was a grand old fellow, and there was much sympathy with him. His family, who are fairly wealthy, satisfied his creditors, and arrangements were made by which he has his pension of \$7.500 intact for life. That, perhaps, was an extreme case, but it may be said generally that if an Ambassador does not spend more than his salary he deems it a point of honor not to make anything out of it. Honor, in fact, is the foundation of the whole service. To be a Grand Cross of the Bath and a Privy Councillor, to be received by the Queen as a trusted friend—above all, to have sole charge of British interests" in the country where he serves—these are the objects and rewards of a British diplomatist. His crowning glory is to perform such as service that when he comes home to die after half a century or more of exite,

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Why Two Hunters Were Glad of the Seels-